VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 23, 1905. NUMBER 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a State.

—*Sir William Jones.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905. NUMBER 26

Liberty Tree.

(1775.)

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

* * * * * *

But hear, O ye swains, 'tis a tale most profane,
How all the tyrannical powers,
Kings, Commons, and Lords, are united amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours;
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms
Through the land let the sound of it flee,
Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,
In defense of our Liberty Tree.

—*Thomas Paine.*

A Paris court has fined an advertiser who appeared in grotesque costume on the streets, five dollars for "cruelty against human dignity." This is indeed a suggestion of the higher jurisprudence. May we not hope for a court which will prosecute the political blatherskite and ward-heeler for "cruelty against ethical ideals?" If the sandwich peddlers of Paris offend the esthetic sense, should not those be suppressed who in the name of politics outrage the ethical sense of the community?

The English government has bought up a big telephone system, control of which is to be acquired in 1911. Kansas has just gone into the oil-refining business. Let those who see in these movements a menace to the rights of the individual, an interference with private business, remember that the time was when soldiery was the prerogative of private individuals. The "soldier of fortune" mustered his own company and hired them out, and the privateers' business was legitimatized by government, particularly in times of war. If it is right for the government to manufacture cannon in competition with private foundries, why may it not manufacture that which will give light and protect life?

The violent death of the high dignitary of the Russian court is to be contemplated only with horror and unfeigned regret. But one royal duke paying with his life the penalty of harsh autocracy is not so great a crime against man or so flagrant an outrage to the sense of right as the sacrifice of a thousand innocent peasants in the rifle pits that represent remote and questionable boundaries, for causes they can little understand and for interests foreign to their own and perhaps to their country's good. Bomb-throwing is a logical attendant of war. Where to draw the line between strategy and lawlessness is a difficult problem in war times. Both are bad, but if anybody must be shot, let those most interested, take the bullets, those who brought on the struggle, those who persist in maintaining it. Let them stand on the front line where danger is greatest.

This week everywhere the name of President Harper of the University of Chicago will be spoken tenderly. The sympathy of the cultured world goes out to the man who in the midst of a great unfinished task is summoned by the surgeon to the operating table. At the present writing no one can foresee the result of the grave operation to which President Harper will be subjected. Before this reaches the eye of the reader the knife will have made its revelation. The President went bravely to the ordeal, working to the last minute, setting his affairs in such order that whether they are to fall again into his own hands or into the hands of another, they can be administered with the minimum of interruption. President Harper has proven his great efficiency, made himself very necessary to a great scheme, but all real work, soon or late, outgrows the worker; it abides though he passes on.

The *Literary Digest* for February 15th gives news of the interesting agitation going on in Germany occasioned by a recent book by Professor Meinhold of Bonn on the elements in the New Testament drawn from Ethnic creeds. Many of the ideas of Paul, the rhapsodies of the Book of Revelation, the birth stories of Jesus, the stories of the temptation, the transfiguration and the ascension, the descent into Hades, the very word "Sunday," suggest religious conceptions familiar to the student of non-Jewish and non-Christian scripture. Of course the "other side" will have numerous and able representatives in this discussion. From mistaken piety many will contend long for the unique quality of the Christian religion, the exceptional and unrelated nature of the Bible. But when the discussion is once carried into the class room and subjected to the clear light of scholarship, it will be found that the unique Bible is neither so potent nor so intelligible and authoritative as the related Bible. Here as elsewhere "in the mouth of many witnesses is the truth established."

At last a woman has found her place among the national heroes in the Hall of Statuary in the Capitol building at Washington. Frances Willard, a woman of peace, shares with "General" Shields, a man of war, the honor of representing Illinois in this Hall. The intelligent are already asking, "Who was General Shields?" but little children lisp lovingly the name of the gentle apostle of sobriety, the reformer who grew in spirit, in persuasive power, and, above all, in the gentle sympathies, to the end of her life. The

movement which Frances Willard represented began as an agitation. Through her benignant spirit it came to be an influence that modified harshness, selfishness, indulgence and bestiality all around the circle. Her fight began against the saloon-keeper and his bad business; it ended in a fight for the widening of woman's sphere, the purifying of home life, the refining of politics, and the Christianizing of Christianity. Perhaps in the early days of her apostolate Miss Willard might with justice have been suspected of fanaticism, dogmatism and narrowness. But she grew in wisdom, breadth and hospitality to the end. She is a brilliant illustration of how it is possible even for a missionary official, the mouthpiece of an organization, to grow in spite of the many influences that menace the soul of the functionary in other directions.

Apropos President Roosevelt's plea for a square deal for the negro, the three pamphlets which lie before us form suggestive reading, which we commend to those who are still fearful that fair play to the negro will bring social confusion and enhance race violence in any section or among any people. That cause is bad that is afraid of fair play, and that race is weak that dare not trust itself to the noble rivalries encouraged by the law of equity that gives to merit its legitimate reward, wherever found. The pamphlets at hand are, first, an address by the managing editor of the *New York Evening Post,* Mr. Hammond Lamont, on "Negro Self-Help." These are reprints; articles concerning the negro on the farm; the Negro Conference, and the progress of the negro. The second pamphlet is an article by Emmett J. Scott on "The Tuskegee Negro Conference," and the third, on "Negro Self-Uplifting," by Frances E. Leupp, the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post,* another reprint. These documents are full of suggestive figures and facts that ought to be as encouraging to intelligent citizens of Mississippi and Alabama as to the intelligent citizen anywhere. It is the bad negro that is to be feared everywhere. The good negro, like the good white man, is desirable everywhere. The race problem is simply the problem of multiplying the good negroes and diminishing the number of bad negroes, and that is just the problem of the white man and the red man.

Last week Superintendent Cooley of the Chicago public schools addressed the Chicago Teachers' Federation, which address is published in the Bulletin of this association for February 17th. He presented some astounding statistics which indicate how unconsciously to the business men and even the preacher is the great benignant public school idea expanding. In Chicago in 1892 $1,658 was expended in manual training in grammar grades; twelve years later upwards of $52,000 was expended; $2,394 was spent in 1892 for instruction in household arts; twelve years later $23,484 was spent for the same purpose. In 1892 there were no kindergartens; in 1904, $15,513 represents the annual kindergarten expense. That this tendency is the result of discriminating choice becomes apparent when we see that during this twelve years the cost of music in public schools has dropped from $21,708 to $10,314. Drawing has dropped from $24,000 to $14,000. Physical culture has lost over $7,000. These figures do not necessarily indicate less attention to music, drawing and physical culture, but it has been taken out of the hands of special teachers and put into the hands of the regular teachers. During the twelve years, schools for the blind, crippled, deaf, delinquent and otherwise defective children have been added, and the Superintendent asks for the legislation that will enable the city to match the present academic high schools with commercial and technical high schools, perhaps the establishing of trade schools. Let not the taxpayer take needless alarm, for with the decrease of graft and the increase of honesty in the assessing, collecting and executive departments of the government there will be money enough and to spare for these high causes. Schools are cheaper than war ships; let the schools be encouraged.

The Religious Education Association.

The third annual convention of the Religious Education Association, held at Boston, Feb. 12-16, has been in some ways a wonderful gathering—a revelation to many of the existence of what its retiring president, Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary, New York, characterized at the closing meeting as "a great liberal Christian movement," moving upon the face of the waters of our present apparent general skepticism, materialism, and apathy in the realm of the ideal. It has revealed the existence of an advance guard of the churches that is more than "liberal Christian" in any narrow interpretation of the words, a movement which more than one observer, sympathetic to the gospel of cooperation among religions that has been preached in the pages of UNITY through all these years, has declared to be in its own effective way a direct fulfilment of that larger hope. It was not for nothing, probably, that the hymn chosen to open the first of the principal evening sessions should have been

> "The church's one foundation
> Is Jesus Christ, her Lord."

In hymn and prayer and address, this note of personal loyalty to the traditional Christ was constantly recurring. The Association thus declared itself to stand on a distinctively Christian basis. It made no startling departure. It raised no radical issues. But if this was the centre, the thought of many of the speakers swung out to a circumference that the name "Christian" cannot fitly enclose. The shining ideals of freedom and truth, of communion with God and service of man, which are of all religions and partake of the universal in thought, washed the outer boundaries that these meetings touched. With more

than a little conventional phraseology in the prayers, with which the sessions began and ended, there was in the addresses a marked freedom and breadth of tone, most suggestive of a new departure in American religious thought. It was as if a new power, a new confidence, a new inspiration had come to fill the voice of American religion with a new capacity to thrill and to stir all who might hear. The intellectual quality was marked; as was natural in a convention that was accurately described by President Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as composed chiefly of college men. Here was high thinking and plain speaking to a remarkable degree. If the revival in Wales is a singing revival, this revival in the United States along far higher and more rational lines is a thinking one. It is a revival in which sectarian lines are practically obliterated. Without consulting his program, no one could tell from the doctrine whether the speaker was a Methodist or an Episcopal bishop, a Baptist or a Presbyterian professor, a Congregational or a Unitarian minister. Notable for those of us to whom that latter name is dear, as marking one of the broad highways to the more inclusive liberalism yet to come, was the frank recognition, in this convention whose case was so frankly "evangelical," of the Unitarian name and position. Unitarian ministers were on the program. The Unitarian building on Beacon street was used for meetings of some of the numerous departments only less freely than the Congregational house across the way, or the Baptist Tremont Temple down the hill. Denominational divisions appeared to be forgotten in the uplift of the broad, common ideals of science, education, ethics and religion that prevailed.

At the convention held a year ago in Philadelphia, ninety-six addresses were given in the course of the three days. The present program, including discussions, called for half as many more, and it is safe to say that if all the speeches made were counted, from the half hour papers to the five minute discussions, they would be considerably in excess of two hundred. Naturally no single brain could attempt to hold them all. Indeed, so many of the departmental sessions were held simultaneously, that a body could be in only one of several attractive places at once. The convention opened Sunday evening, with a service at the Old South Church. Monday was "social day," given over to excursions to Wellesley College and Harvard University, closing with an evening reception at Faneuil Hall, attended by many leading Bostonians as well as by the visiting delegates. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were the strenuous days of almost incessant meetings. Being in Boston merely by accident, and owing to sickness in the old home, the present writer could go to only a few of the more important. Of these no full description will be here attempted. The audiences varied from a thousand or more, in the great evening gatherings at Tremont Temple, to a dozen gathered for earnest conference in some committee room. Men were in a good majority everywhere over the women who usually crowd into religious conventions. Able, thoughtful, vigorous men they were, whether older or younger. Some of the freshest utterances came as was to be expected from those whose wisdom was clearly seasoned by experience. Inspiring audiences to which to speak they were, one would think. And inspiring speaking most of it was. More room, however, might easily be found on future programs for the women who make the vast majority of faithful Sunday school workers.

The great promise of the movement is in its reality, its reasonableness, its tolerance, its piety, its moral earnestness, its scientific conscientiousness, and its enthusiastic forward look. Curiously, the least adequate thing in the convention, to the present writer, was the expression of its devotional feeling. The best expression of this was felt to be in the complete *rapport* between speaker and audience at the moments of highest thought and of greatest moral and spiritual conviction. When it found words, the devotional expression was to one mind at least relatively poor and uninspiring. Most of the hymns were of the cruder sort. Most of the prayers *to God* were interspersed with phrases that preached *about God,* defined his attributes and declared his purposes. "The practice of the presence of God," commended so impressively by Bishop McDowell of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Chicago, the new president of the association, had obviously not been the practice of most of those who led in prayer; or at least they were unskilled in lifting others into this immediate presence. It suggested that the new thoughts were but imperfectly assimilated as yet to the deeper life. But that will come and with it a new enlargement of devotion.

The effect of the convention must be thoroughly constructive along the many lines of its endeavor. The meetings were those of men in earnest; men who knew something of their respective subjects but aspired to know more. It was announced, as a most significant fact, that no speaker received compensation, but paid his way like the plain delegate. A cause for which some hundreds of busy workers, few of them on large salaries, will freely give time and money as well as personal service like this is bound to prosper. Hardly a divinity school, hardly a college, hardly an academy of standing east of the Mississippi can fail to receive direct stimulus from the delegates to these meetings as they return, while many churches will feel the uplift in pulpit and Sunday school and study class. In a few months the proceedings will appear in print to carry the good word further. Any who read these lines and who are at all concerned about "The Aims of Religious Education," which was the general theme of this third convention, will surely wish to possess themselves of the record of what has made the week in Boston one of the richer experiences of a lifetime.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

THE PULPIT.

"The New Call of Democracy."

A WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 19, 1905.

There are always new issues pressing and there is no safer light to settle them by than the light of old experiences, particularly when those experiences are embodied in the noble triumphs and brilliant examples of great souls. Let us this morning summon George Washington to our help. Wednesday will be the one hundred and seventy-third anniversary of his birth and still his words and life may sound the new call of democracy.

Six years ago Congress authorized James D. Richardson, a member of the house of representatives from Tennessee, to compile from official documents the messages and papers of the presidents and print the same in worthy form, without note or comment, and offer to the public at a reasonable price. The result was ten handsome volumes. George Washington's official documents that represent his eight years' presidency, occupy some one hundred and eighty-two pages in the first volume.

These pages reveal the real man in a surprising way. They correct the false estimate which the rhetoricians have given, particularly to the mind of the young, of our first President. Robert Ingersoll used to say that we had made a "steel engraving of George Washington." The illustration is too apt. The common conception of Washington is too much that of the staid, severe, cold, stately, lordly George Washington of the steel engraving. But these state papers reveal quite the contrary—the modest, frank, direct, sincere, gracious and grateful man who led without the consciousness, still less the arrogance, of leadership; who directed not by the power of an overmastering intellect nor yet an inflexible will; not even by the power of unerring insight, a prophet's vision, but rather by the simple, homely power of common sense, well balanced judgment, and above all, a single-mindedness possible only to the unselfish soul. He was a wise President because he was a President with no other ambition than to serve his country efficiently; to promote the interest of all the country and of all the citizens, and to justify democracy, to prove that a republican form of government could be maintained, and that under it all the interests sacred to civilization were not only safe but were free to reach upward into their highest efficiency.

The reading of these state papers, and these only, justifies the estimate of Professor Schouler who has given us perhaps the most scholarly and best balanced history of the United States, from 1783 to 1865. After speaking of the tendency to either exaggerate or belittle the character of George Washington by a generation of "image-breakers" disposed to take such a character to pieces with little reverence, he says:

"Washington still remains as genuine a man as ever came from his Maker's hand. His whole life is an open book to his countrymen, wherein the acts and pursuits of his mature years are very fully recorded. Constantly in contact with the public for twenty-five years, seen by natives and foreigners, the memorable incidents of his life during this period are preserved as well as his private impressions. His letters have been explored and even spurious ones imputed to him. It is strangely significant that military and political rivals who plotted against him unsuccessfully, that those who fought with him and those he conquered, have left on record one and the same essential tribute to the greatness of his soul."

This historian further says:

"Jefferson, who had a keen eye for faults, and who, of all Washington's intimates, borrowed least from his lustre, has left one of the most graceful and doubtless one of the most discriminating of tributes to his memory ever penned."

But without further introduction let me try to count a few of the lessons for our time that come from a study of Washington's state documents:

First, then, I commend to our public men, our office-seekers and our persistent holders of office, the commendable modesty, the official humility of our great first President, so loath was he to take up a public trust, so ready was he to lay it down. No man in the annals of the United States had such an opportunity to grow fat on applause, to become top-lofty from praise and success. No man in the annals of our country could with such justification of popular willingness and apparent national need identify himself with the well being of government and to come honestly to think that he was indispensable. Anyone studying these state papers of George Washington must come to admire the man who never sought and never shrank from public trust.

In the light of the early vindication of this principle in the history of our country, is it too much to hope for the time to come when it will be *prima facie* evidence that a man who seeks an office is thereby to a degree disqualified, and on the other hand, that a man who refuses to serve the public when the high demand comes is to a degree unworthy the confidence imposed upon him?

I have ventured the opinion that the time is coming when two men will be distrusted:—he who for personal reasons seeks a public office and he who for similar reasons refuses a public trust. And this has been called Utopian. However it may be in the future, the thing has been realized in the past.

The story of George Washington has proven that this nation was shaped by the hands of just such a man; and a careful analysis of the history of our nation will show that even in this respect George Washington is no solitary star shining apart in some remote section of the heavens, but that he is one of a shining galaxy differing the one from the other in magnitude, but all brilliant in their humility. Without haste and without rest, circling in the orbits ordained for them by the demand from without and the resources from within.

On the 14th day of April, 1789, Charles Thompson arrived at Mount Vernon with the official notice of Washington's unanimous election to the presidency, with the further instruction to accompany the President-elect with as much dispatch as possible to New York where the Senate and House of Representatives were convened for public business. General Washington immediately replied:

"SIR: I have been accustomed to pay so much respect to the opinion of my fellow-citizens that the knowledge of their having given their unanimous suffrages in my favor scarcely leaves me the alternative for an option. I can not, I believe, give a greater evidence of my sensibility of the honor which they have done me than by accepting the appointment.

"I am so much affected by this fresh proof of my country's esteem and confidence that silence can best explain my gratitude. While I realize the arduous nature of the task which is imposed upon me, and feel my own inability to perform it, I wish, however, that there may not be reason for regretting the choice, for, indeed, all I can promise is only to accomplish that which can be done by an honest zeal.

"Upon considering how long time some of the gentlemen of both Houses of Congress have been at New York, how

anxiously desirous they must be to proceed to business, and how deeply the public mind appears to be impressed with the necessity of doing it speedily, I cannot find myself at liberty to delay my journey. I shall therefore be in readiness to set out the day after tomorrow, and shall be happy in the pleasure of your company, for you will permit me to say that it is a peculiar gratification to have received the communication from you."

The same day he despatched to the Acting President of the Senate a note saying that he had received from Secretary Thompson the communication at one o'clock, and feeling the urgency of the case he proposed to commence his journey on Thursday morning, "the day after tomorrow."

The Senate immediately appointed a committee to receive him and conduct him *without form to the house recently occupied by the President of Congress,* which was to be his temporary home. On the 20th, four days after he started, he arrived at Philadelphia where he met a communication from the reception committee. He pushed on in advance an answer, saying:

"I shall continue my journey despatch as possible. Tomorrow evening I propose to be at Trenton; the night following at Brunswick, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting your committee at Elizabethtown on Thursday at twelve."

One member of the committee residing at Elizabethtown informed him that the committee would take breakfast with him at his house, and that he could have a room to dress in if he should think it necessary.

The committee on inauguration announced that "no precedence of seats was intended and no salutation was to be expected either on the entrance or departure of those who came to the Senate chamber to take part in the ceremony. Then came the impressive oath of office in the presence of the populace and the notable inaugural address only four pages long, sixteen days after the notice was received at Mount Vernon. He had made the journey on horseback and in carriage from there to New York City. In this address he tells them with beautiful simplicity and with a sincerity that stands undimmed and unquestioned in the light of a century, that no vicissitude in life had "filled him with greater anxieties" than the notice received on the 14th.:

"On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years—a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who (inheriting inferior endowments from nature and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration) ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions all I dare aver is that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which mislead me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated."

In the course of this address he reminds them that "on the eve of the arduous struggle for liberty" he "renounced every pecuniary compensation," and so now he said:

"I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the executive department, and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed may during my continuance in it be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require."

Washington had a competency but as the word goes now he was not a wealthy man. His large estate needed careful management and continual prudence in order to make it prosperous. Washington knew the value of a penny; he was economic to a fault; he has been accused of penuriousness. He fully understood the "principle that a laborer is worthy of his hire," and still, lest his own interest might pervert his judgment or in somehow confuse his singleness of vision, he gives eight more years of his life to the service of his country with no material recompense.

As we turn the pages of these official documents, how simple they seem compared with the complexities of modern executive officials whose every word and sentence, every look and act, is devised with the newspaper press, the party "boss," the "other side," the far-reaching import on prospective campaigns, in mind. Washington had wars on hand, Indian complications, new states to be recognized, finances to manage, treaties to execute;—all these meant what they always mean,—perplexities and complexities. But his official messages, many of them postal-card length, his vetoes, of which I discover but two in these official documents, were equally plain and simple. When he was thwarted by the legislature, by the House or by the Senate, as he sometimes was, it was enough for him to state his own ground and there rest the case. These public documents reveal nothing of the austere and the imperious. With a Quaker-like directness he plead for justice to the Indian; unhesitatingly he denounced the land-grabber; with a Lincoln-like touch he pardoned the traitors who took part in the little Pennsylvania rebellion. During this eight years the District of Columbia was surveyed and set apart; the capital city was planned; great buildings projected; the postoffice, treasury, military and diplomatic services were formulated.

And for all this, the task does not seem hard, simply because he knew but one master, and that was Duty; he saw but one end, and that was the Right. He had few if any political enemies because he had few political favorites. He had no schemes of his own; no "ax to grind," hence his administration is luminous, inspired.

His eight annual addresses could afford to be brief; he was not talking to the galleries, scarcely to Congress; he was thinking aloud in the presence of the nation's need; he was confessing in the presence of his God, at the altar of civic righteousness. Hence it was that in his first inaugural he pled for the promotion of science and literature and unwittingly enunciated epigrams that will stand the test of centuries. "Knowledge," he says, "is the surest basis of public happiness." "The ends of government are best answered by teaching the people to know and value their own rights." "To distinguish between oppression and the necessary exercise of lawful authority," he said, "is the end of a free constitution."

In his second annual he plead for a uniform process of the execution on decisions throughout all the states. In his third annual he announced a population in the United States of four million people, and a loan of over eight million florins from Holland; plead for the mild principles of religion and philanthropy towards the Indians and unenlightened races of men. In the fourth annual he dwelt upon the importance

and conditions of international peace. In his fifth annual, the first of his second term, he pathetically alludes to his prolonged absence from "the retirement from which no private consideration should ever have drawn me." In the sixth annual we find words that ought to be a rebuke to the captious sneer of today concerning those who in far off climes, in their guilelessness, look to the United States as the land of liberty and of promise." Washington plead for continued loyalty to the constitution of the United States "for the sake of those who from every clime are daily seeking a dwelling in our land." That tide has never ceased from that day to the present time to lay its daily deposit of foreign life upon our shores, which, like the deposits of the Nile, give perennial fertility to the land thus enriched. And this tide has not much changed. There is no corner of Europe, no race and no color, that has not made its valuable contribution to the United States. The words of Washington are an admonition and an inspiration to us yet.

In his seventh annual address occurs this benignant sentence:

"For though I shall always think it a sacred duty to exercise with firmness and energy the constitutional powers with which I am vested, yet it appears to me no less consistent with the public good than it is with my personal feelings to mingle in the operations of Government every degree of moderation and tenderness which the national justice, dignity, and safety may permit."

In the eight and last annual address, with the practical sagacity that ought to commend itself to the boasted business men of today, he touches cautiously and wisely the problem of home industries, the interest of the manufacturer, and now that he himself is out of the question, he speaks with wonderful wisdom and disinterestedness in the interest of adequate compensation for those who occupy important stations. He apprehends a fundamental requisite in true democracy, when he says:

"If private wealth is to supply the defect of public retribution, it will greatly contract the sphere within which the selection of character for office is to be made, and will proportionally diminish the probability of a choice of men able as well as upright. Besides that, it would be repugnant to the vital principles of our Government virtually to exclude from public trusts talents and virtue unless accompanied by wealth."

We come at last to the farewell address, the longest public document ever issued by President Washington. It covers twelve pages in the authorized volume already alluded to. This is probably the most paternal document ever issued by the head of any government in any nation. Well does he deserve to be called the Father of his Country, for the heart of this childless man yearns for the well being of the whole nation, who are indeed the children of his spiritual loins.

First, we are impressed with the ever obtruding home sickness. His heart yearns for the quiet of Mount Vernon; for the fields and woods on the banks of the Potomac. Again he speaks of the "inferiority of his qualifications," which, "not being seen by others, increased the diffidence in himself."

Then he reveals his heart anxieties. He discloses one by one the dangers of the undertaking as he sees them which confronts the nation—the double perplexity of democracy and the unifying of a vast territory.

He warns them against the heart-burnings and the jealousies that will arise from geographical discriminations. He foresees the sectional danger. The danger came and culminated in an awful war and has been, I believe, practically met and overcome, not as yet on the high ground of patriotism but on the lower and for the present more insistent ground of commercial interest. Trade is a great leveler and in these days of combinations there is little danger that our country will fall again into sectional warfare.

Next he foresees with awful truthfulness the menace of partisanship, which, he said, "leads to the most formal and permanent of despotisms." He talks of "the common and continued mischiefs of the spirit of party as sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it." He says, "it always distracts the public counsels, enfeebles public administration, agitates communities with ill founded jealousies and false alarms, it opens the door to foreign influence and corruption."

History proves that this was no baseless anxiety; he was no alarmist. The power of partisanship, the mephitic influence of party organization has gone steadily on until to-day, it is the blighting political menace in city, state and nation. After 100 years this dread of Washington, like Banquo's ghost, will not down, and wherever its presence is felt the conscience and the judgment and the will of the most independent elements in society seem to be powerless to meet it. Chicago, today, is in the humiliating toils of this power which Washington well called the "relentless tyranny." Good men are wating for the decisions of bad leaders, honest candidates seeking the co-operation of unscrupulous manipulators.

We are on the eve of another municipal election; the better elements are divided when their interest and conviction are united, and in the divided camp they are found in the humiliating and ignoble attitude of shaking hands with those men and measures to which they ought at all times and under all circumstances to be in open antagonism. The old farce of primaries and caucus and conventions is again being enacted, everybody all the while knowing that it is but a farce. It is the "Big Four" or the "Big Five" on either side in the secret counsels of midnight that decide on tickets and platforms, funds and functions of the campaign. In the main, these "manipulators" and so called "leaders" are men whose names are not familiar to the students of the City's best interests. They do not represent culture, religion, education, reform, not even the business leadership of our town; in the main, they are men to whom the community pay no special deference except that through the fell process of machine politics under the blighting superstition that national parties must needs be reckoned with in the management of the business, scholastic and sanitary affairs of a great city, which have no more relation to national party politics than has the administration of a great grocery house, a dry goods emporium or institution of learning, or a second-hand clothing store. For nine years the tickets of these parties in Chicago have been sifted in the interest of the independent voter by the municipal voter's league and kindred activites. Much has been accomplished but all this time the treatment has been but a local application to a body whose blood is out of order. They have lanced many a boil, poulticed here and there a carbuncle, used the knife and the caustic to the immediate relief and temporary benefit of the patient. But this is still superficial treatment; all this kind of work is well nigh at an end. Each year we have yielded to the pressure of "immediate emergencies;" we have been content if we have been enabled to keep absolute rascality down, to keep the thieves out of the common council, and to keep public interest sufficiently alive to public morals to make our public property reasonably safe. Each year we

call in vain for honest elections on honest issues, though this call follows hard on the anniversies of Lincoln and Washington. These high anniversaries are followed each year by unblushing unselfishness and wild exaggerations of partisan campaignings. The word of wisdom and independency is muffled if not baffled by the glamor of the partisan call that we hope will become noble further on.

Let Chicago not be blinded by its massive but delusive statistics or its complacent bank reports. There is little glory ahead for it on these lines. There is no promise for a noble history for it or our state or our country so long as the contestants of the political arena are dominated by party interests which represent no living issues, rather than by a passion for progress and civic weal, an honest facing of great experiments and a discussion of profound problems which do bear radically upon our future interests and about which honest men must and do radically differ.

It is not true that the future of this city, even for one year, is related in any way to the success of either republican or democratic or any other political party. But the contrary is quite true. A pure municipal administration is impossible so long as it is administered by a man or men who confess loyalty to party lines and who undertake the mpossible—to be true to party issues, have an eye out for party triumphs, and at the same time administer a great city. No man can be wholly free after election to do his best and noblest who before election must needs hobnob with the enemies of his convictions and the foes of his aspirations. It's as true now as in the time of Jesus that "no man can serve two masters; for either he hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other."

Washington's farewell address comes with the awful solemnity of a voice from the dead, saying, "There is no easy honorable way of working for and with those who have degraded the nation and are now contributing towards national debility."

The un-Washingtonian greed of office, the un-Washingtonian blindness to far-reaching interests caused by party ambitions and party manipulators is the dire danger that Washington predicted. We shall never come to a benign administration of affairs, municipal, state or national, until good men, real patriots, will learn to stand together and defy the dictation of those who are selfish interpreters of low standards, men without vision, without consecration, but who with mountainous gall and infamous conceit, give their lives to the promotion of party interests for party ends and for what is in it for themselves. Not until men are willing to stand up in the simplicity of George Washngton, in the might that belongs to true citizens, and be willing to stand defeat on real issues rather than win success by compromise, by trade, and by silence, can we be true to our past or worthy a nobler future.

If the lessons of Washington and his great compatriot, Thomas Jefferson, teach anything they teach that it is not possible at the ballot box any more than in the counting room or in the family to "do evil that good may come of it." There are enough excellent men in this city to secure excellent things at the polls, just as soon as they resolve to serve excellence on its own simple merit. I believe the majority of the voters of this city today are men of honor, sick of the existing condition of affairs, thirsting for better things, despising in a large degree those who dictate their tickets and manipulate the affairs of the city. If these men could only return to the Washingtonian independence, the unpoetic, unimaginative devotion of George Washington to the simple details of office, the application of common, private honesties to public service, Chicago would rise and shine. Illinois would be redeemed from its present low estate, and the nation would be willing to follow the lead of its noblest men and the highest ideals, such as now characterize many eminent in public position and public confidence.

When I preached my After Election sermon a few weeks ago many said, "Why did you not preach it before election? It is too late now." When I talk in this way before election many will say, "what is the use of being a malcontent and a disturbing element now? What good can you do now? Let us do the available thing, do the best we can this time, and in some future day independency will come." I am no pessimist, but I believe that every year we evade the logic of independency in city politics we are further away from the redemption. The real work in the regeneration of city politics in Chicago is still to be done. The treatment must be constitutional, not local. We have dealt with abscesses long enough. Some day the patriot will be scientific, ethical, religious enough to meet the constitutional issue and fight for it,—which fundamental issue is simply, how to throw off the tyranny of partisanship in realms where partisanship does not obtain. It is the party interest that has debauched our civil service; it is the party interest that has made it possible for low-minded legislators to tamper with the people's liberties; to give away the people's property, to jeopardize their highest interests. So long as we wait upon party leaders, or so long as noble men will permit themselves to be fettered and hobbled by party obligations or courtesies, so long will half-hearted measures and half-sized men continue to *mis*represent the public interests in positions of trust.

From present appearances, things look hopeful for Chicago this year; the better elements in both parties are in the ascendency. Worthy, able, public spirited, and I believe, honorable and sincere men will head the two leading tickets and their immediate associates will, to a degree, be worthy of their leaders. All the more sad is it to think of the unsavory association to which these men are subjected, the unwholesome affiliations and the humiliating muzzle. "We republicans never take our convention defeats to heart. We oppose anybody and fight until the convention is over, and then fight anybody who opposes the ticket that is nominated," said one of the leaders who dropped around to shake hands with his enemies. This is demagoguery pure and simple, and, alas, for the city whose high interests, ethical, economic, and educational, are perpetually menaced by this devitalizing chicanery, which, like microbes in milk, prostrates the strongest body with typhoid.

In the light of Washington's farewell message, we will still wait and work for the arrival of men who will refuse the dictation of their inferiors, who will escape the clutches of the knave in politics and will break the rule of the fool at the polls; men who will believe that the standards of private citizenship are none too high for public officers. That he is not good enough for the office who is not good enough for the home. Today partisanship taints every trust in this city; it places its smirching fingers upon our public school, libraries, parks; the very streets we walk in. Mayors, assessors, collectors, constables, policemen are devitalized annually by the opiate of partisan politics.

This morning let us invoke again the spirit of

Washington who will enable us to look for help from the men who do not want office, but who dare not refuse the high call, when it comes. In his language, they will say, "Such a call scarcely leaves me the alternative for an option." Let us not be discouraged. There are men living today who are equal to this Washingtonian standard and who will not allow this nation, with its splendid power to be buried beneath the dust of selfish greed. Our banner is not to go down in infamy; the constitution is not to be buried under the rotten pelf of office; freedom is still to be saved; the unholy lust for office is to be shamed out of countenance and loyalty to party and to sect is to be trampled under foot by those who are still loyal to the nation. The spirit of Washington and Lincoln is not dead. Their immortal words still shine. Their shining deeds lure us on. Nine years of gratuitous military service, eight years of noble presidency are the measure of self-sacrifice represented by our first president. Such a beginning, such a noble initiation cannot end in such ignoble prostitution of public office to private greed and party schemers as seem so imminent. I will not believe that the great experiment of a free government by the free, inaugurated by George Washington and his compatriots, is to fail, because I do not believe that his story has lost its vitality, that our children have grown insensible to the meaning of the painful marches, the lonely vigils that made the name of Washington glorious. The time has not gone by when the American flag is still an emblem of equality and liberty to all the children of God, of every hue and in every clime, and it will not pass until we allow the twelfth and twenty-second days of February, Emancipation Day, Decoration Day and the Fourth of July to become meaningless, their higher celebrations neglected. But our future triumphs will come only by an absolute divorcement of partisan interests from humanitarian concerns.

In this same fatherly address, let me say parental, for there is the mother's prayer as well as the father's anxiety in this farewell address of Washington, he argues that religion and morality are the indispensable supports of political prosperity. He urges that these are the great pillars of human happiness. He says, further, that morality cannot be maintained without religion; this alone, he argues, will make strong the public credit; cultivate peace and harmony with all nations. Further, on these lines, he pleaded for the simplicity of democracy, prayed to the people that they avoid the insidious temptations incident to the older powers.

Unmindful of the warning, we have been flirting with aristocracy, coquetting with plutocracy, become enamored of the frills and foolishness of imperial courts, the glitter and glamor of wealth.

Fellow citizens, there is always a crisis in human progress somewhere and of some kind. There is a crisis upon us now and here. There is a call for a new crusade in the interest of democracy, a crusade for civic righteousness. This campaign is to be measured, not by days nor by years, but by generations and by centuries, for it is the old and high campaign in the interest of the Kingdom of God on earth, which implies righteous voting, and makes the claims of the nation above the claims of the indivdual and the party. The stars of our flag must not fall; its blue must not be deepened into black; its red must not be blanched by cowardice or its white tarnished by the grime of greed and partisanship.

George Washington's line is not ended. His commanding voice is still ringing down the line, and the cry is, Forward! Close up! Guide right! Keep step!" Let us follow the high leadership of the hero of Lexington and Valley Forge, the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, and those who fell at Corinth, Vicksburg, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, keeping time with the ringing anthem of progress, singing as we go:

"Rally round the flag, boys!
Rally once again!
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

How to Make a Rich City.

If a dollar could buy in Kansas City as much as a dollar and a quarter could buy anywhere else, this city would become the metropolis of the world.

A little careful thinking will disclose the fact that a city may have millionaires, yet be very poor; that it might even have a large amount of taxable property, well distributed through the whole community, and yet be far from prosperous. Kansas City realized the truth of both these propositions at the time of the collapse of its boom. A city is not made rich through the accumulation of enormous quantities of stocks, bonds and mortgages in a few hands, nor by the heaping up of unusable commodities. The richest city is that in which men are put in the most advantageous relations to the inexhaustible resources of nature. It is the city in which an ordinary day's work has the highest purchasing power.

The mission of politics is to lower the cost of goods; the mission of religion is to raise the value of men. It comes to the same thing. The business of both politics and religion is to make men more at home in God's universe, to give the human spirit a surer confidence and a stronger leverage over the obdurate elements of our condition.

In no very real and important sense are our American cities much richer than the cities of Germany and France, or than the great municipalities of the antique world. It has been shown by Professor Thorold Rogers, of Oxford, in his "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," that the purchasing power of a day's work in Queen Elizabeth's time was about the same as in our own. Civilization, with all its sweeping changes in forms of government and methods of production, has in twenty-five hundred years made very little substantial progress.

The obstacles to real progress are by no means insuperable. The only reason why cities do not grow incalculably, unprecedentedly rich is that nowhere, up to this time, has the public been able to focus its myriad-mind upon the problem how best to increase the purchasing power of a day's work. Nowhere has there yet been found any considerable number of persons with faith enough and sense enough to get together on that basis. The most stupendous revolution in all history will take place when this thing happens—when, in this city or elsewhere, a company of sane and normal men and women, unwarped by egotism or altruism, and impatient of the wasteful and vulgar antagonism of classes, sects and parties, shall unite their forces for the purpose of getting rich, or at least having a larger kind of life, in the only honest and interesting way, to-wit: By making a city rich. Such an association would undertake to discover and enforce the natural laws of social wealth; in other words, to furnish the highest artistic and scientific conditions of social existence.

Take the problem of housing the people, for example.

Common house-rents are higher in Kansas City and St. Joseph than in Philadelphia or even in London. In Kansas City this is said to be due to the cost of the magnificent system of park improvements; but that is only the proximate cause, it is not the bottom fact. The bottom fact on one hand is that we might have the parks and a thousand other advantages at a fraction of the customary cost, and on the other hand that as things stand most of the economic good of public improvements goes into the pockets of real estate speculators. The problem of making good housings cheap in Kansas City might be solved in a hundred ways, but solved it certainly would be if there were a permanent organization of the people, bent upon solving it without regard to merely temporary interests or the interests of classes.

Labor unions can never solve such problems because they have a class-bias; it is the same with employers' associations and with the ordinary type of commercial clubs and boards of trade. What is wanted is an organization that is as near the roots of life as a church is, and as inclusive and secular as a political party.

I think that the spirit of American institutions and their equilibrium requires that they shall be established upon a permanent organization of the people such as shall correspond with the ideal and the promise of the public school system—an organization of grown men and women, free from all partisan and sectarian influence, and devoted without class prejudices to the advancement of the arts and sciences, a civic university standing in every town, perhaps in every city ward, as the social base and underpinning of our cosmopolitan cities. Nothing less than this can make good our pretention that America is the inaugurator of a new social regime; that it has something definite to offer for the regeneration of the earth; a social order, contagious and expansive, that has escaped and that offers the whole world a way of escape, from the domination of priests on the one hand and of politicians on the other—the religious and political machine.

This escape from the machinery of religion and politics will be the emancipation of religion, the mobilizing of spiritual forces, and it will be the beginning of sound public policy, the politics of common sense and natural law. It will break the deadlock of the immemorial class struggle and make progress a permanent institution.

Under existing social conditions nine-tenths of the idealism—which is the creative power of mankind—is drugged in the superstition or exhausted in the machinery of sectarianism. And nine-tenths of the tenth that is left is wasted in the futile collision of industrial classes and political parties. Thus with only one per centum of our humanity left to drag the car of art and science, no wonder our material progress is slow.

Our actual progress is slow, but the passing generation has made immense progress toward the epoch of a new departure. Men's minds have changed. The world is undergoing a great repentence. The iron collar of superstition and statecraft is rusted and its rivets loosed. It can be cast off, and I doubt not it will be. It seems to be the mission of the liberal, the desectarized churches, to turn the balance of the times, to precipitate the new crystallization of the social elements. And this is the best place in the world to do it—here in these bold and generous, these free-spirited and free-handed cities of the mid-continent.

—From a sermon by the Rev. Charles Ferguson, delivered in Kansas City.

Who and Where Are the Illiterates.

To the Editor of UNITY.

Sir: In the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education the question of illiteracy is treated at some length. I wish to quote briefly: "The census shows that in June, 1900, there were in the United States 2,326,000 men of voting age, 21 years and upward, who were unable to read and write. This was nearly 11 per cent of the total number, which was 21,330,000.

"In a country whose Government is determined by popular suffrage, these figures can hardly be regarded with satisfaction. The voter ought to be intelligent. He should have some understanding of the Government whose policy he is to shape and of the men whom he is to assist in elevating to office. Who will argue that the man who has never read a line of American history or familiarized himself with any great question of statesmanship, or even spelled out the headlines of a newspaper, is competent to cast a ballot? Yet one ballot in every ten is probably cast by such a voter.

"Who are these illiterates and where are they? Many of the negro race, 977,000; but more are white, 1,254,000. In 1870 the greater number were negroes, 838,000 to 748,000 white, an excess of 90,000. Thirty years have changed this and now the white illiterates outnumber the negro by 277,000.

"Of the white illiterates a large proportion are foreign born, 565,000, but the number of native born is 688,000 or 113,000 more than the foreign born illiterates. It appears also that the per cent of illiterates among the native born sons of native parents is nearly three times as great as among native born of foreign parents. With the former it is 5.8 per cent, with the latter 2 per cent, indicating that our schools are accomplishing their purpose better for the children of immigrants than for our own American families.

"The United States has 10,569,743 white men of voting age of native parentage. Of these 2,760,103 are in the North Atlantic division, 1,466,826 in the South Atlantic, 2,055.858 in the South Central, 3,656,293 in the North Central, and 630,663 in the Western. The number of these who can not read and write is, for the whole country, 618,606, or 5.9 per cent; for the North Atlantic division, 57,767, or 2.1 per cent; for the South Atlantic, 178,564, or 12.2 per cent; for the South Central, 237,239, or 11.5 per cent; for the North Central, 127,480, or 3.5 per cent, and for the Western, 17,556, or 2.8 per cent. If now the two Southern divisions are combined, it will be found that they contain together 3,522,684 men of voting age of the class named, or about one-third of the whole, and 415,803 who can not read and write, which is nearly two-thirds of the illiteracy of the whole country. In other words it will be found that the per cent of such illiterates in the North and West is 2.9, and the South 11.8, four times as great in the South as in the rest of the country."

This should not scare us nor stir up any feeling but it should set us thinking. It will be observed that there are 415,803 white men of voting age at the South who can not read and write. There is no longer any question about the education of our poorer classes. There are reasons for this state of affairs that lie deep down in our national life. Our system before the war would not permit of universal education and since that awful day it has been hard for us to adjust ourselves. Since the war our means have been meagre. Every avenue of trade and industry was utterly prostrated by the war. We lost well-nigh everything. First, our

slaves; then, a whole race of men, nearly; then, the value of our crops, we lost, for we took pay in the coin of the confederacy. We also loaned our savings to the confederacy and these were lost. Then, the coalition of the "Carpet-baggers" from the North with the untried freedmen at the South—these bonded our citizens and States greatly beyond our ability to pay.

In Lee County, Alabama, which is an adjoining county to my own county (Tallapoosa), in 1901 there were 10,000 children of school age in this county and of this number 4,200 were enrolled during the year. There are 60 white schools and 62 white teachers and 55 colored schools and 57 colored teachers. There are 4,000 white children and 6,300 colored children who should be in school and over 6,000 are not in school at all. The average school year for whites was 80 days and for the colored 70 days. The average pay for white teachers is $27 per month and for colored $20. The money available for school purposes in that county for 1901 was $10,722.99. My own county of Tallapoosa is no better off.

At Camp Hill, Tallapoosa County, Alabama, is located the Camp Hill Industrial Institute. This school is in its seventh year. The school is undenominational and is dependent upon the public for support. We have over $20,000 worth of property. We seek to help white youth of slender means to an education. We help them to help themselves. Farming, dairying, sawmilling, carpentering for young men, and cooking, sewing, laundering for young women—these are the industries taught.

We have given over 200 youth some sort of an education and we have refused more than twice this number because of lack of means.

Our needs for the present year are:

Teachers' salaries	$3,500
Scholarships	2,500
Debts and incidentals	6,000
Water system	1,000
New barns	1,000
High grade dairy	1,000
Dormitory for boys	1,000

It will be seen that $25,000 is needed for this year. This will give us the opportunity to extend our work so that many more boys and girls can be helped than formerly. These youth after getting an education go back to their homes and put into practice what they have learned at Camp Hill. Scholarships are $50 and $70 a year. Sums in any amount may be sent our treasurer, H. C. Wooddy, at Camp Hill, Alabama, or to me. LYMAN WARD, *Principal.*

Higher Living.

Admiration is the only road to excellence; and the critical spirit kills, but envy and injustice are putrefaction on its feet. —*Stevenson.*

Nor is it a mere question of incompleteness in time, but of completeness in quality, and still more of progressive completeness. —*E. M. Powell.*

My advice to those who are about to begin in earnest the journey of life, is to take their hearts in one hand and a club in the other. —*Josh Billings.*

Married women have the oddest habit of going about the world picking out the men they would not like to have married. Do they need continually to justify themselves? —*Warner.*

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. —*Bible.*

The most terrible misplacements and wrenches in human history and relation come not from shrewd inimical plot and crafty machinations, but from our own putting of ourselves out of true alignment and poise—seeing and moving from false forces and balance. —*A. D. T. Whitney.*

The first crossing of the threshold—"Our Threshold"—into a home—"Our home!"—was ever deeper interest, happier moment, sweeter hope in all the history of man? Be the floors bare and with not much to cover them, then with what scanning and planning and trying, this and that, here and there, to see if the Home Spirit may not be properly invited and even prevailed upon to enter, and if glowing anticipation may not, out of meagerness, genius-like, amplify unto satisfaction, and, through the idealized atmosphere make it all seem the abode of a luxury such only as the heart's first realization can possibly comprehend!

Nor need it be supposed that this pure joy is either lowly or shallow. Many a couple has experienced it and survived, not only to move up to so-called "better things," but to remember, with a touch of deepest pathos, that no other home whatsoever has been or can be so interesting as was the simple, spare, first one, entered for the first time hand in hand with child-like confidence, yet with fullest prophetic sense of responsibility. Nor need anyone with health and intelligence hesitate to enter upon the making of such a simple first home. To be sure it is but the alphabet of home—love. Yet in it are all the elements—fire, table, chairs, food, couch, books, love, hope, work, joy, possibly sorrow—that are needed for the correct spelling of any home. And out of these elements, inexpensive necessarily, inartistic though they may be, few and inadequate, but of course to be enlarged upon forthwith, is to come the experience which, later on, shall make it possible to arrange ampler furnishings into more presentable and more comfortable array. Shall we slightingly regard these beginnings so unpretentious, so earnest, so full of potency? Rather, let us be thankful that Providence is so often kind enough to let human nature early have just this means of learning and enjoying so much and of growing so truly in consequence. Often it would be most pitiful were this denied; often life is totally shipwrecked because of having undertaken something more complex, with inadequate training in simpler households. The newly-married couple who can take "two rooms" and, with their few necessary articles and one "article of luxury," whatever it may be, so order them that "home' comes to be written all over its every part, is more to be envied than all the palace owners who can only live in "establishments," try as they may. Vain emulation of artificial grandeur is but a poor substitute for the sweet pride that looks upon its little own and feels it all pulsing with a common life. And what sweeter, purer, more hopeful pride than that with which an intelligent, properly schooled, rightly idealized young housewife welcomes her truly ennobled, worthy companion to his home! Her smile gives a glow to its every element; his quiet acceptance in return crowns everything with a glory that is often denied to those who are called "more fortunate" people.

But the making of all homes does not and need not begin in such a humble manner, at all. More and more frequently is the young couple expected "to start where the old ones leave off." More frequently, too, does this make the problem of home-making much more tryingly complex, if not utterly insolvable. The fathers and mothers, although having possibly come up through all the steps which have led to successful results in the end, have, nevertheless, not been able to impart the respective values of their experience to the otherwise educated and disciplined wants of their children. Nor has common school, nor even the finishing school pre-

pared these for any such undertakings as now present themselves. All at once the vital difference between living in parental homes and ordering one's own, is realized, often as painfully as distractingly. That painful blunders which "lower down" are unheard of happen, that perplexities rasp sensitive dispositions to their keenest edge, that wearisome emulation proves to be a poor substitute for simple cooking and cleaning, that society does not take the place of home and mutual fellowship in providing permanent and satisfactory joy, is no wonder, either. The wonder is that any parent will let his or her children reach the point where they must necessarily assume so wide responsibility with any such lack of knowledge, skill, and personal devotion as is now so often found. Do not blame the poor fledglings, who, try their best, can but mostly flounder in a sea so shallow that it is kept perpetually muddied by their efforts. Rather, pity them deeply, extend to them a skillful hand of help, and, behind the curtain, resolve that parental care shall henceforth be made always and surely to include the adequate fitting of every young life for all its subsequent positions and tasks in the new home.

One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome in the problem solving for wealthy home-beginners is the inborn, inbred, imperative vanity which is so difficult to manage, no matter what may be its interference with success. To unduly strive to be equal to somebody else, to receive and entertain as many and as important, as they, to go where they do, or better, to boast of as good and better lines of acquaintance and familiars,—to what straining of body and mind does not all this lead, and to what shoals of danger and distraction, besides! And yet, how little real satisfaction does it all bring. Instead, before very long, cloying insanity, depressing weariness, chill misanthropy, awful sense of emptiness and death, are pretty sure to come. No more pathetic sight is there on earth than the youngerly couple who has strenuously yet unsuccessfully tried to keep up with all these heavy demands made upon them, as senselessly as persistently, by others, who, in turn, are even more weary, cold, and empty than themselves. A vicious circle of increasing failure, certainly; and often, with no loo-hole for tangential escape, save through crime or death. It would seem as though the social structure would soon revolt at its own fragility, and demand that hereafter those who are to become its supporters shall be especially grown and trained for the purpose. Evidently, the "moral question" is now frequently too far removed to be very available for present needs; and the end is not yet.

Wealth, be it never so great, need not stifle the home. But wealth no more than poverty as such can make a home. Any bird upon any twig makes its own home as it has need. Any human being can make a home out of much or little, and just according to its need, too. But to do this requires that there shall be a right motive to predetermine the direction in which effort shall be made; that is, in a direction nearer and nearer to the ideal; and then, the power to criticize oneself and one's work, at every step. Having these important elements of the successful home-maker, the home itself becomes a thing of comfort and beauty not only, but a realm in which Higher Living most conspicuously develops and persists. Said James Mott to his newly-married son and his bride, "I consider this a critical moment in your lives, my endeared James and Lucretia, just, as it were, setting out in life. How important that you set out right, and with correct views." Even to look upon the portraits of James and Lucretia Mott is to see how true it is

THE STUDY TABLE.

Adolescent Religion.*

Readers of Dr. Stanley Hall's occasional addresses, and those who have felt the inspiration of his living presence and voice, will rejoice in the possession of the two volumes he has recently given to the public on the subject of Adolescence. It would take a whole corps of specialists to review this remarkable book. It represents the ripe results of a large part of the lifetime of a very remarkable man—a veritable genius in his chosen line of study and investigation.

These results are simply invaluable. They can be ignored no more than Darwin can be ignored. And the book is bound to do in the realm of education what Darwin's great work achieved for the doctrine of Evolution. For those who may be partly familiar with the substance of some of the chapters in this book, it will be a splendid reinforcement of the truth of those special aspects to have them set in their right perspective, and correlated with the larger truths and principles which give unity to the entire study.

Dr. Hall is, of course, a thorough-going evolutionist, and he does not hesitate to state facts which, if taken by themselves, would create exceedingly disagreeable, if not discouraging, reflections.

We must be prepared to follow him down into the deepest infernos of psychic and physical degeneracy. He takes us along the painful pathway by which the race has traveled in its slow process of ascent to the spiritual. But the reader starts out with absolute confidence in his guide.

The supreme aim of this wonderful book is to indicate the path that must be followed, the facts and principles that must be recognized and conformed to in the education and training of youth.

Dr. Hall takes issue at a great many points with many current, and long dominant ideals and methods in education—both secular and religious. The book has already provoked warm controversy, as well as much strong dissent among leaders in the educational world. But this is too large a question for discussion in this brief notice, which is written for the main purpose of calling attention to the marvelously clear, beautiful and convincing chapter in which Dr. Hall deals with the subject of the development of the religious nature in the young. The chapter will have special interest in connection with the wide-spread religious awakening, manifest in the revival efforts that are being made just now all over this country. I do not wish to question the wisdom or timeliness of these special efforts to awaken religious interest in the spiritually callous or indifferent. But however they may affect adults who are susceptible to, and influenced by them, there can be no serious question that the revival methods in religion are frequently disastrous in their influence upon the adolescent development of the soul.

The splendid work that is being done by the Religious Education Association, in the interest of sane and rational and natural methods of religious training, will receive powerful reinforcement from this great book.

W. H. R.

*Adolescence: Its Psychology and Its Relations to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion and Education. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—To let no bird fly past unnoticed, to spell patiently the stones and weeds, to have the mind a storehouse of sunset, requires a discipline in pleasure, and an education in gratitude.

MON.—The simplification of anything is always sensational. Thus monotheism is the most sensational of things: it is as if we gazed long at a design full of disconnected objects, and suddenly, with a stunning thrill, they came together into a huge and staring face.

TUES.—Politeness has indeed about it something mystical; like religion, it is everywhere understood and nowhere defined.

WED.—He [Savonarola] was preaching that alertness, that clean agility and vigilance, which is as necessary to gain pleasure as to gain holiness, as indispensable in a lover as in a monk.

THURS.—No genuine criticism of romance will arise until we have grasped the fact that romance lies not upon the outside of life, but absolutely in the center of it.

FRI.—There is nothing to which a man must give with more faith and self abandonment than to genuine laughter.

SAT.—We should all like to speak poetry at the moment when we truly live, and if we do not speak, it is because we have an impediment in our speech. It is not song that is the narrow or artificial thing, it is conversation that is a burden and stammering attempt at song.

—Varied Types, G. K. Chesterton.

From the Commemoration Ode.

Oh Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nation's bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

—James Russell Lowell.

*The Cocoon Harvest.

Now is the time to lay up your store of cocoons, looking to those beautiful moths of next June; and there are two kinds at least which will prove a sure harvest for your winter walk. It always adds to the zest of a walk at any season to have some particular quest in view—a rare flower, or bird, an Indian arrow-head, perhaps. And even now, in mid-winter, when the wilds are comparatively drear, there are few objects of life more certain to reward your search than the large cocoons of the *Attacus Cecropia* and the *Attacus Prometheus*—two among our most beautiful and important moths.

The twigs of most thickets are now quite denuded, with only what might appear a stray determined leaf here and there. Often this leaf is precisely what it appears to be, clinging by its stem, or perhaps tangled in a tiny spider's web which the winds have as yet been unable to sever. Here and there, however, a cluster of two or three will be found which have a suspicious look, and a closer examination discloses that they are but the artful disguise of a living secret within—the *Cecropia* in its warm double cocoon.

These cocoons vary considerably in size and shape; some being nearly five inches long and very much inflated and bag-like; others pointed at each end and being more contracted, but always of the toughest of silky gray parchment in texture. They are secured to the twigs by their longest side, and are quite commonly (especially early in the winter) attended by the few leaves which the caterpillar originally drew together while constructing its silken frame-work. Occasionally a specimen is found partially incased in a leaf, which leaves a perfect mould of itself in the silk upon removal.

With these another cocoon is commonly found, and it is an interesting study of insect sagacity for those who are unfamiliar with it. In this case the deception is quite pronounced, and doubtless hundreds of the cocoons have been passed by and noted simply as dangling leaves—"the last leaf upon the tree in the spring," perhaps. This is the hammock of the *Attacus Prometheus*. Unlike the *Cecropia* caterpillars, the *Prometheus* adopts a distinct preconcerted plan in the construction of its cocoon, by which it provides a safe anchorage for the winter. A suitable leaf is first selected, generally upon a wild cherry, sassafras, spice-wood or buttonbush; the stem of the leaf is then completely incased in silk, and carefully secured to the twig for several inches by the same means; after which the leaf is contracted about the caterpillar and forms the mould for its winter hammock.

The wind and weather at length loosen the withered leaf, but nothing short of a vigorous pull will dislodge the cocoon which often suffers the branch to break, or calls the pocket-knife into use before it will release its hold.

Among the most pleasant winter memories of my boyhood was the quest for these cocoons. Nor has the fever left me; even today I cannot pass a cocoon and leave it alone. I find my steps turning involuntarily towards every thicket I meet in my winter walk.

Only last week, from one small copse in the suburbs of the city, I brought home a bouquet of twigs bearing one hundred and forty of the cocoons of these two moths, mostly of the Cecropia.

Gather the cocoons, then, my young friends. Gather all you can, and distribute them among your neighbors.

It is good missionary work. There is a winged sermon in every one of them.

—From Sharp Eyes, by Wm. Hamilton Gibson.

**Note*—This chapter is dated Dec. 23rd, but as we have often fattened cocoons in February, it seems equally opportune now. Moreover, the later the cocoons are brought into the house the less danger is there of the moths appearing in cold weather, when they may not be given their liberty.

*To Those Who Have Tried for the C.

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and a cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and a fearful?
Oh, a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an ounce,
Oh, a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth! Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And although you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a bounce.
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts.
But only—how did you die?

—Edmund Vance Corlie, '88.

*The poem hangs in the trophy room at Cornell University.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Scent O' Pines.

Love, shall I liken thee unto the rose
That is so sweet?
Nay, since for a single day she grows,
Then scattered lies upon the garden-rows
Beneath our feet.

But to the perfume shed when forests nod,
When noonday shines,
That lulls us as we tread the woodland sod,
Eternal as the peace of God—
The scent o' pines.

—*Hugh M'Culloch.*

SEATTLE.—A current bulletin from the Unitarian Church at this place shows not only the work of the Rev. W. D. Simonds but it also indicates the quest of the modern pulpit. People must look again to the churches for culture stimuli and for the fundamentals of faith. On Sunday evenings lectures on Shakespeare, Browning, Milton, Victor Hugo, etc., are announced. On Sunday mornings a course of sermons on, "The Heart of All Creeds," among which topics we find, "God as Universal Life, Infinite Power, Eternal Love"; "The Transcendent Beauty of the Christ Ideal"; "The Imperial Command of Conscience," and "The Deathlessness of the Human Soul." These are unifying topics; they lead to the conclusion indicated in one of Mr. Simonds' sermons, that "Character not creed, the true ground of fellowship in religion, and life, not profession, the test of character."

Foreign Notes.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN RUSSIA.—According to a Russian resident of Geneva, there are six political parties or groups in Russia at the present time: the conservatives, the liberals, the radicals, the revolutionary-socialists, the social democrats and the anarchists. He briefly characterizes each in *Le Signal:*

The *conservatives,* it is hardly necessary to explain, constitute the party of the *statue quo.* The *liberals* include the mass of rural proprietors of moderate means, the minor functionaries. It is from their ranks that the Zemstvos are recruited. They demand political reforms, but are opposed to any abrupt reconstruction.

The *radicals* are a little more extreme than the liberals, and it is with them that Gorki belongs.

The *revolutionary socialists* form the left wing of the *radical* party. They do not by any means stand, as their name would seem to indicate, for a general upheaval, but they believe that no reform can be realized without the previous removal of a certain number of individuals from power. They therefore advocate personal assaults, and it is they who assassinated Alexander II., Sipiagin, Plevhe. They think that the terrorist regime will promote the wished-for reforms. The revolutionary socialists have no desire, however, to change the economic and social characteristics of Russia. They would preserve, for instance, the community in land in the country districts, and they do not believe in the full enfranchisement of the peasants. This party is made up of professors, physicians, lawyers and literary men. Its ideas have made little headway among the working classes.

The working people group themselves mostly under the banner of *social democracy.* This party corresponds to the labor party in occidental countries. It is itself composed of several groups, which are, quite as a matter of course, at swords' points with one another. As a rule, they favor an uprising of the whole people and preach a general revolution.

Lastly, there are the *anarchists,* few in numbers and relatively unimportant. Their doctrine is the same as in other countries.

These details were furnished by one who is himself a member of the Russian social democratic party, and should therefore know whereof he speaks. In his opinion, the great body of working people who set out to present themselves before the czar on that fatal Sunday in January, as well as Father Gopon, their leader, belonged to no organized party.

PRACTICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SERVETUS MONUMENT.—The question of the separation of church and state is a burning one at present in France, and it is being discussed in public and private, with tongue and pen. At a recent mass meeting held in favor of separation, in a certain town, no matter just where, a local orator spoke with great fervor and with general approval until, leaving the historical and practical aspects of his subject, he proceeded to attack religion itself and its crimes. In spite of a prompt protest against so sweeping a condemnation, he persisted in his condemnation of religion as such, asserting that protestants had often shown themselves fully as intolerant as catholics, and cited, by way of illustration, the martyrdom of Servetus.

But here he reckoned without his host, for among his auditors was a protestant pastor recently returned from Geneva, who, gaining the floor, had but to tell of his visit to a certain monument on the hillside at Champel to win the applause of the audience and the congratulations of the organizers of the meeting. The discussion was closed and a very broad and acceptable program was unanimously adopted.

La Vie Nouvelle, in commenting on this little incident, says: "Let us congratulate once more, more heartily than ever, those who had the happy idea of erecting this expiatory stone. They have not merely performed an act of justice; they have also rendered the most signal service to protestantism by disassociating from all intolerance and all proscription."

The last annual report of the Historical Museum of the Reformation at Geneva states that the Servetus monument committee has deposited its carefully classified archives in that museum. The correspondence incident to the erection of the monument, and the collection of newspaper clippings in regard to it, are curious and interesting. The committee also presented to the museum a copy of the German translation of Servetus' famous work, the Restitutio Christianismi. There is also quite a collection of pamphlets on Servetus, his ideas and his punishment, some called out by the erection of the monument and others of earlier date.

This Museum of the Reformation is doubtless one of the places that will be visited with greatest interest by delegates to the biennial gathering of the International Council of Unitarians and the Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers in Geneva next September. M. E. H.

Books Received.

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Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music, Together With Music as a Representative Art. Two Essays in Comparative Æsthetics. By George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D. $1.75. Poetry as a Representative Art—An Essay in Comparative Æsthetics. By George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D. $1.75.

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